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NOTORIOUS 1950s EC COMICS!

THIS IS NO MAGAZINE! THIS IS A...

PANIC



**NO. 6
JUNE**



**250
3RD
CANADA**



*** THIS COVER, THE RESULT OF HOURS OF CONFERENCE, IS E.C.'S FINAL ANSWER TO THE COMIC BOOK CONTROVERSY. DESIGNED TO OFFEND NO ONE, IT IS BLANK!**

COMING STRIP MEMBER THAT LIVE ON AND ON? DEPT. (IF THIS CHARACTER IS KNOCKED OFF, HIS SON WILL STEP INTO THOSE LAVENDER LONG-JOHN'S AND GAINY ON, SO WHY BOTHER DIVISION? DO YOU HEAR THIS SUNDAY STRIP...THE ONE ABOUT A MARKED HERO (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "HERO", HIS PET HORSE)...A MAN WITH THE PROWESS OF A DEVIL (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "DEVIL", HIS PET DOG)...A DEFENDER OF JUSTICE AND PEACE (NOT TO BE CONFUSED WITH "JUSTICE OF THE PEACE" WHO HE'S CURRENTLY AVOIDING)...AN INDESTRUCTIBLE CHAMPION FROM A LONG ANCESTRAL LINE OF CHAMPIONS KNOWN AS

The PHANSOM

By **BILL ELDER** and **WILLIE McELDER**



RALPH DINAH!
I'M BEING GAUGHED
TO DEATH!

**GOOD! NOW, WHEN YOU'LL
MARRY ME SO YOU'LL HAVE
A SON TO GARRY ON!**



HI! MY NAME'S DINAH POTTERBEE! YES, I'VE BEEN AFTER THE PHANSOM FOR YEARS TO MARRY ME. I'M THE LOVE INTEREST IN THIS PITCHSLIGHMEN STRIP. ONLY THING IS, EVERY TIME I NEARLY GET HIM TO PROPOSE, I'M KIDNAPPED... LIKE NOW! HELP, PHANSOM! SAVE ME!

I CAN'T! I'M STUCK UNDER THE TITLE LOGO! HERO? HERE, HERO? HERE, HERE! HERE HERE, HERE, HERE!

PHANSOM

BLACKHEAD NEST ROOMS

18

WHILE I AM BEING ROWED OUT TO A BOAT ANCHORED THREE MILES OFF SHORE SO THE PHANSOM CAN SWIM OUT AND RESCUE ME, WHICH IS AN ANNUAL SUMMER IN THIS STRIP, IT'LL TELL YOU THE ANCESTRAL HISTORY OF PURPLE PAJAMAS...

WHERE THE DEVIL IS DEVIL! IN, G'WON, SOMEBODY! GET ME OUT OF HERE!



LAFETTE

SEE THAT IT'S MY ANY-TING! IT'S FOR THE LAFETTE OF THE FUTURE PHANSOM. LIKE ENGLAND, THERE'LL ALWAYS BE A PHANSOM DUKE, BUT IT'LL PURPLE DOCTOR DENTONS...

INCIDENTALLY, DEVIL, THE PHANSOM'S DOG, CAN'T HELP HIM BECAUSE HE'S OUT GETTING HIS BEM-DAY PILLS! YOU SEE, HE'S A GREY DOG AND THE BEM-DAY, OH, WELL.



S. NAY







LOOK! IT'S NICE
THAT YOU SAVED
ME AND ALL THAT,
BUT DO I HAVE TO
ROW US BACK?

NO, SOMEBODY'S
GOTTA WORK! WHO
SHOULD IT BE?
ME??



ISN'T IT CLEVER THE WAY
THE EDITORS OF THE LAMPPOON
WAS KEEP BRINGING UP PAST
TANKS AND HOLDING THEM
OFF! SAY SOMETHING FUNNY,
PHANSON!

PERKLENDORER? POT-
SERIE?

QUICK!



YEP! HEY, SUPERMAN! SO?
HE LOOKS LIKE SUPERMAN,
DOESN'T HE... SQUARE JAW
SQUARE NOSE... ONE-LINE
MOUTH! THOSE KIDNAP-
PERS ARE SHOOTING
AT US!



SO TAKE YOUR TWO
BUNS OUT OF YOUR
BUN BELT, KIDOT,
AND SHOOT BACK!

YOU GOT
ROCKS
IN YOUR
HEAD?



AFTER ALL THE SWIMMING I'VE
DONE OUT TO BOATS ANCHORED
THREE MILES OFF SHORE, YOU
THINK THEY STILL WORK? THEY
ARE AS MUSTY AS SOME OF THE
BAGS IN THIS SATIRE SHEET!



OH, LOOK!
HERO IS
WAITING
FOR US ON
THE BEACH!

HERO! I'VE
MISSED YOU!
SAY HELLO
TO YOUR MASTER!



HERO? DON'T YOU
RECOGNIZE ME?
HERO? SAY HELLO?

I SEE THE MASK, BUT
I DON'T SEE THE
PURPLE COWBOY
SUIT, KIDNOSORRY!

OH, LOOK, PHANSON!
HERE COMES... DEVIL!
WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOU?!



BEHIND-THE-SCENES-W-BIG-BUSINESS HOLLYWOOD MOVIE DEPT. (FIVE V.P.'S FOR A DEAD PROXY'S JOB... YO-HO-HO, AND A PROXY-VOTE FOR ME! DIVISION): THE OTHER DAY, WE TROTTED DOWN TO THE LOCAL BUZZ FOR A LOOK-SEE AT THIS LATEST OFFERING FROM THE MOVIE COLONY. A **TENSE, DRAMATIC, INSPIRING** ACCOUNT OF THE **DIRTY DEALINGS, THE INSIDIOUS SCHEMINGS, THE JOCKEYING AND JUBELING**, AND THE **FINAL, HONEST, IDEALISTIC PLEA** FOR THE RIGHT OF ONE OF FIVE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF A BIG CORPORATION TO **PARE HIS GARGANTH** ON THE:

EXECUTIVE SEAT

BORROWING AN OLD COMIC BOOK TECHNIQUE, THE **OPENING SCENE** OF THIS STARTING SAGA OF THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY IS A **CAMERA-EYE VIEW OF THE NEW YORK OFFICES OF THREAD-BARE FURNITURE CORPORATION, INC.** THE THEATER AUDIENCE...THAT'S YOU...SEES IT AS **AVERICE BULL-HEAD**. SEE IT. YOU ARE, IN FACT, **AVERICE BULL-HEAD**.



YOU STEP INSIDE, TURN AROUND...SITTING DIZZY FROM THE QUICK PAIR...AND THE ELEVATOR HUMS DOWN TO STREET LEVEL. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN AND YOU NOOK THROUGH THE LOBBY TO A WESTERN UNION OFFICE; YOU SCRIBBLE A TELEGRAM TO THE HOME OFFICE CALLING AN EXECUTIVE MEETING FOR SIX TONIGHT AND HAND IT TO THE GIRL WITH A BILL...



YOUR CAMERA-EYE VIEW NOW BUMPS THROUGH THE BIG GLASS DOORS AND ON OUT INTO THE CORRIDOR OF THIS WALL STREET BUILDING. YOU CAREEN DOWN THE HALL AND VIBRATE UP TO THE PEARL BUTTONS. YOUR HAND STICKS OUT. YOU PRESS. THE DOORS SLIDE OPEN...



YOU SWITCH TO A FIVE, PUT YOUR CHANGE IN YOUR WALLET, HOLDING IT OUT IN FRONT OF YOU AND STEP OUT INTO THE STREET. YOU PAN UP AND DOWN SEARCHING FOR A TAXI...CALLING FOR IT. THEN YOU SEE THE ONE PARKED AT THE CURB. YOU BLOW YOUR TAP...



WHAT ELSE CAN YOU DO, ABE? AFTER ALL, THIS IS THE PERMUTUGGER PLOT. EVERYBODY IS HOOKED ON YOU, ANYWAY! SO YOU DARE! YOU DO DROP DEAD!



AND SO, WITHOUT ANY IDENTIFICATION, HIS BODY IS CARRIED OFF TO THE MORGUE... BUT NOT BEFORE WALTER CASUAL CAN SPOT IT FROM HIS WALL STREET OFFICE WINDOW...



NO JOODIES! THAT'S THE WAY THIS EPIC BEATS OFF! RIGHT AWAY, FOLX... THE WHOLE! AUDIENCE... ARE KILLED OFF! NOW, WITH THIS MOVIE, BEGINNING OUT OF THE WAY, AND EVERYBODY IN THE THEATER LYING ON THE SIDEWALK OF WALL STREET WITH A CEREBRAL HEMORRHAGE, THE PLOT-LINE CAN BEGIN. IMMEDIATELY A CROWD GATHERS... AROUND AVERAGE BULLHEAD'S WALL-E...



WALTER CASUAL IS NO DOPE. EVEN IF HE IS A DIRECTOR OF THREADBARE... MONEY COMES FIRST...

THAT STOCK WILL DROP TWENTY POINTS WHEN THE STREET LEARNS OF THIS! BUT THE STREET KNOWS! HE'S LYING ON IT!



NOT THAT STREET FOOL! I MEAN THE STOCK MANIPULATOR! I'VE STILL GOT TWENTY MINUTES TILL CLOSING! I KNOW! I'LL SELL SHORT!



BUT YOU'VE SO TALL! HOW CAN YOU SELL SHORT WHEN YOU'RE TALL!



HEURE! NOW, WHEN THE MARKET OPENS ON MONDAY, I'LL BUY BACK AT TWENTY POINTS LOWER! NO COVER WHAT I'VE SOLD!



FROM THIS HE MAKES A LIVING!



REMEMBER THE TELEGRAM A.B. SENT BEFORE HE DROPPED DEAD? THE SCENE SHIFTS FAR FROM NEW YORK TO MILLICANBURG, PENNSYLVANIA... HOME OFFICES OF THE THREADBANE FURNITURE COMPANY. WE SEE A LONG SHOT OF ITS FAMOUS TOWER...



THAT'S ENOCHA MARSIN, AVERAGE BULLHEAD'S PRIVATE SECRETARY. NOW IT'S HER JOB TO GO AROUND AND NOTIFY ALL OF THE VICE-PRESIDENTS OF A B.S. ORDER. FIRST, SHE WIGGLES INTO WALTER FIDGESS-STOOL'S OFFICE. MR. FIDGESS-STOOL IS VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF MONEY...



GET THE DRAMATIC PICTURE? ONE BY ONE, WE GET A LOOK AT EACH OF THREADBANE'S V.P.'S, ALL PROSPECTIVE PRESIDENTS. WE'RE SUPPOSED TO **WESS** WHO IT'LL SET HOW ABOUT WALTER SHAMHEAD, HERE... VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF PRODUCTION. ♪



THE THREADBANE TOWER, WHERE HIGH IN THE UPPERMOST STOREY IS A ROOM... AND IN THAT ROOM, A TABLE... AND AT THE END OF THAT TABLE... **THE EXECUTIVE SEAT!**



NEXT, ENOCHA HURRIES INTO BIG, SERIAL WALTER DUD'S OFFICE. MR. DUD IS VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF SALES TALKS.



HOW ABOUT THIS GUY... WALTER F. SHAMHEAD? HE'S VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF VICE-PRESIDENTS...



YOU'VE JUST ABOUT DECIDED THAT WALTER FISHER-STOOL'S GOT THE PRESIDENCY WHEN THE PHONE RINGS IN THE FINE STREET FLAT AND WALTER HOLDENOUT IS SEEN IN A BRIM LAR COAT, RUBBING ELBOWS WITH THE HELM. HE'S VICE PRESIDENT IN CHARGE OF RUBBING FLOORS...

THERE'S OUR BOY! ANY IDIOT CAN TELL THAT! HE'S THE DREAMER... THE EXPERIMENTER... HE INFORD WITH THE FINGER... HE'S DASH OF THEM! NOW, IT'S A CONCH WHO'S GOING TO GET AVERAGE BULLHEAD'S JOB ONCE THEY LEARN HE'S DEAD. OH, THERE'S ONE MORE PERSON TO MEET: BARBARA THREASBARE. SHE'S WAITING IN AVERAGE BULLHEAD'S OFFICE... OR RATHER OUTSIDE HIS OFFICE... ON THE WINDOWILL...



IT'S SIX O'CLOCK. THE FINE VICE PRESIDENTS FILE INTO THE BOARD-ROOM AND SQUAT AROUND THE BIG, LONG, SHINY TABLE. AT THE HEAD OF THE TABLE IS THE PRESIDENT'S CHAIR... FILL... LEATHER... COMFORTABLE LOOKING... IMPOSING. NOW, WE KNOW WHY THEY ALL WISH AVERAGE BULLHEAD WOULD DROP DEAD! NOW, WE SEE WHY THEY ALL WANT THAT EXECUTIVE SEAT! THE REST OF THEM HAVE TO SIT ON CRAMPT CRATES.



FINE VICE PRESIDENTS NAMED WALTER. WHO WILL IT BE? WHO WILL GET TO WARM THE EXECUTIVE SEAT? WE KNOW, DON'T WE? DOWNDEER, WE KNOW... IT'S NO DEVICES...



THERE'S CORPORATION PRESIDENT MATERIAL. IT *BOOM!* IS OBVIOUS! WHILE EVERYBODY ELSE IS INTERESTED IN HOWBENSE, WALTER HOLDENOUT GOES BACK TO THE LAB... TO DREAM... AND EXPERIMENT... AND BLOW UP THE PLACE.



WELL, THAT TAKES CARE OF THE PETER STREET PLANT! SOMETHING MUST'VE GONE WRONG, MR. HOLDENOUT!

WE'LL TRY IT AGAIN ON MONDAY, WALTER. ANY PLANTS LEFT WE HAVEN'T BLOWN UP!



MEANWHILE, BACK IN MY OFFICE, WALTER CASUAL IS LEAVING HIS OFFICE, PROUD OF HIS CLEVER STOCK MANEUVER...

BY THE WAY, MR. CASUAL! ARE YOU SURE THAT WAS AVERAGE BILLIARDS? I MEAN, WHAT IF YOU MADE A MISTAKE?

OF COURSE IT WAS! IT... IT... SHORE... IT HAD TO BE! IT... OH, MY ACHING BOLD-BRISTLE STOCK! WHAT IF IT WASN'T?



WITH THIS COURT INSTILLED IN HIS MERCENARY MIND, CASUAL HURRIES TO REVISITING AFTER NEWSTAND...

LET ME HAVE ALL YOUR EVENING EDITIONS! IT'S GOT TO BE IN THE PAPER... IT'S GOT TO!

CHARGE IT?

THAT'LL BE 40¢!



THEN HE HURRIES TO THE STOCK CLUB...

SORRY... WE DON'T ALLOW NEWS-PAPER BOYS INSIDE.

BUT I'M WALTER CASUAL... FINANCIAL TYPHOON

SORRY... WE DON'T ALLOW FINANCIAL TYPHOON MEMBERS INSIDE, EITHER...



GOOD EVENING!

GOOD EVENING, MR. CASUAL!

WHAT ABOUT HIM? HE LOOKS LIKE A NEWSPAPER BOY!

HE IS! THAT'S WHY WE DON'T ALLOW ANY OTHERS IN! HE'S GOT TWO EXCLUSIVE TERRITORIES! THAT'S WALTER WYNCHILL!



INSIDE THE STOCK CLUB, MR. CASUAL IS GREETED BY A BORNEOUS, SHAPELY, LUSCIOUS BLONDE...

HELLO, HONEY! I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU FOR HOURS! GIVE ME A BIG KISS AND JOSS! I'M HUNGRY FOR LOVE!

NO TIME FOR PLAY NOW! GOT MORE IMPORTANT THINGS ON MY MIND! I MAY BE LOSING \$50! NOW LET'S SEE...



FINDING A SMALL ITEM ABOUT AN UNKNOWN MAN
DROPPING DEAD ON WALL STREET, WALTER CASUAL
RUSHES TO THE WORKS TO IDENTIFY ANDRICK BULL-
HEAD'S BODY...



AND THE BARRONS IS FINALLY FLASHED TO MILLION-
AIRES, AT WALTER PIGGONSTOCK'S GINNY PARTY...



AT WALTER DUD'S SECRETARY'S
APARTMENT...



AT WALTER BRIMACE'S MOUNTAIN
LOOGE...



AT WALTER P. SHARFHEAD'S...



AT BARBARA THREADBARE'S...



NOTICE THE SELFISH REACTION!
NOTICE THE HIDDEN AGENT! NOT SO
WITH OUR BOY! HE'S NOT THINK-
ING OF HIMSELF! HE'S THINKING...



CAN'T YOU SEE IT? THIS IS
PRESIDENTIAL TIMING... BEING A
SHADY OF A DIRT.



AND SO THE TENSE CLIMAX OF THE PICTURE IS REACHED...THE MEETING OF THE BOARD OF DIRECTORS TO ELECT A NEW PRESIDENT

THE CANDIDATES: WALTER P. SHAWHEAD...AMBITIOUS, SELFISH, MERCANARY...

... AND WALTER HOLDENOUT...THE DREAMER...THE EXPERIMENTOR...



THEN... THE VOTE...



THE FINAL TOUCHING SCENE...THE WIFE...WAITING FOR THE RESULTS...



THE END

THIS ORIGINAL EC HOUSE AD ANNOUNCED THE CREATION OF PIRACY
SEE OUR AD ON PAGE 33 TO SUBSCRIBE TO OUR REPRINT

E.C. WENT TO SEA IN SEARCH OF ANOTHER NEW TREND...



AND WE CAME UP WITH...
SAGAS OF THE SEA, SEEDS, PLUNDER AND...



PIRACY



NOW YOU SEARCH
FOR IT!

BUT IF YOU *CAN'T FIND PIRACY*
AT YOUR LOCAL NEWSSTAND, YOU
CAN *SUBSCRIBE!* JUST FILL OUT
THE COUPON AND MAIL, TOGETHER
WITH *ONE HUNDRED PIECES OF*
CENT (THAT'S ONE BUCK, LAND-
LUBBERS!), TO:

THE SEASON EDITORS OF
PIRACY
ROOM 104
125 LAFAYETTE STREET
N.Y.C. 12, N.Y.

OKAY, BLURB RATS! YOU SHAKSHAKED US!
I ENCLOSE \$1.00! FOR THE NEXT EIGHT ISSUES
OF *PIRACY!*

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

STATE _____

ORIGINAL-
THIS AD.
DO NOT
RESPOND!

FORM
NO.

COMIC STRIP ADVERTISING DEPT. (TELL 'EM A STORY WITH PICTURES AND THEY'LL BUY, BUY, BUY! DIVISION): YOU'RE PROBABLY ALL FAMILIAR WITH FINE'S BIMBICK IN THE ONGOING CAMPAIGN TO WRENCH YOUR HARD-EARNED DOLLAR FROM YOUR SICK POCKETBOOK. THE BIG ADVERTISING AGENCIES HAVE BEEN SELLING THEIR WARD VIA THE COLOR COMIC SECTIONS OF YOUR SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS. THEY MAKE THEIR PITCH AFTER FIRST BREAKING DOWN YOUR RESISTANCE WITH AN ILLUSTRATED STORY MUCH ALONG THE LINES OF THE FOLLOWING ILL-CHOSEN EXAMPLES:

Petey Pain almost ruins Melvin's night out with the boys!



BUT AS MELVIN SWINGS OPEN THE HEAVY FRONT DOOR, PETEY-PAIN STRIKES.



IT'S WEDNESDAY NIGHT, AND MELVIN'S WIFE KNOWS WHAT THAT MEANS... BOWLING WITH THE BOYS...



NO! IT'S THAT MASSAGE BACKACHE! NOW I WON'T BE ABLE TO PLAY AND OUR TEAM WILL HAVE TO FORFEIT AND WE WON'T WIN THE SWEATSHIRTS!



NOW COMES THE COMMERCIAL.

WHEN PETEY-PAIN STRIKES, RUB IN BEN-GOO. IT RELIEVES THAT MASSAGE BACKACHE!

IF I RUB IT IN ON FOX, WILL IT RELIEVE ME OF A MASSAGE WIFE?



A PICTURE OF THE PRODUCT



Ben-Goo

FAST RELIEF FROM
ACHES AND PAINS!

...AND THE HAPPY WIND-UP...

THAT FINAL SPLIT GIVEN US THE SAME MELVIN, SO BEN-GOO SAVED THE NIGHT FOR US BY CURING YOUR BACKACHE, HNT?

MILKED MELVIN, SO BEN-GOO FOUND A SAVED THE NIGHT FOR US BY CURING YOUR BACKACHE, HNT?



W. C. C. C.

NO MORE INSULTS FOR HERMAN

says Charles Fattless



SPLAT



THE BIG
BRAWL! I'LL
GET EVEN
WITH HIM...
SOM...SOME-
DAY, MARY!

OH, DON'T
LET IT
BOOTHER
YOU, LITTLE
BUT WHY
DON'T YOU
GO HOME
TO MAMA,
YOU BAB
OF BONES!



LOOK AT THE CHANGE IN
HERMAN AFTER HE STARTED MY
BODY-BUILDING BACK-BREAKING
COURSE. ONLY 18 SECONDS A DAY
FOR SEVEN YEARS...



THIS IS A SCARE-UP DRAWING OF CHARLES
FATTLESS, WHO HOLDS NO TITLE AT ALL!

BOY! IT DIDN'T TAKE FATTLESS
LONG TO DO THIS FOR ME! WHAT
MUSCLES! NOBODY INSULTS
ME ANYMORE! NO SIR! I'M
GOING DOWN TO THE BEACH!



THERE'S MARY! WILL SHE
BE SURPRISED! AND THERE'S
THAT BULLY, FENWICK!



MAYBE THIS'LL TEACH
YOU NOT TO INSULT ME
NO MORE, BABE.



O' MON, FENWICK!
LET'S GO LIFT
WEIGHTS!



A NIGHT of HORROR on an Overnight Fishing Trip

WAKE UP! THERE'S SOMETHING IN THOSE **BUSHES**, SAYING... SOMETHING **SNARLING** AND **SNARLING**...

WAIT! I'LL GET MY **FLASH** WITH THOSE DEPENDABLE "**NEVER-EASY**" BATTERIES. SURE, THE LIGHT 'LL SCARE IT OFF!

A TRUE EXPERIENCE OF
WIMMY WOODEN OF
MUCKVILLE, MONTANA.

THAT NIGHT WE'D BEDDED DOWN IN OUR SLEEPING BAGS, INTENDING TO KNOCK 'EM DEAD THE NEXT MORNING...

THINK WE OUGHT TO LIGHT A FIRE TO KEEP AWAY THE WILD ANIMALS, INV?

HAH! WHAT WILD ANIMALS? THE ONLY WILD ANIMALS IS BACK HOME... AND THAT'S WHY WE CAME FISHIN'... I GET AWAY FROM OUR WIVES.



I FLASHED MY LIGHT INTO THE BUSHES AND THE SNARLING AND SNARLING STOPPED AND WE SAW SOMETHING TAKE OFF...

WIMMY HAD WE WORRIED FOR A MINUTE!

I'M NEVER WORRIED WHEN I GOT MY LONG-LASTING, EMBET AND ONE HALF LIVES "**NEVER-EASY**" BATTERIES FLASHLIGHT ALONG. SURE!



ME AND MY NEIGHBOR, SMEDLEY HESSENREPER, HAD DRIVEN UP TO WAKATANGA LAKE ON AN OVERNIGHT FISHING TRIP. WE'D FISHED ALL DAY...



CATCH ANYTHIN', INV?

A GOLF... THAT'S 'BOUT ALL... SURE!

LATE THAT NIGHT, SURE AND ME WAS AWAKENED BY BLOOD-CURLING SNARLS AND SNARLS AND THUNDERING COMING FROM THE BUSHES NEAR WHERE WE WAS SLEEPIN'.

INV? WAKE UP! INV? THERE'S SOMETHING KIND OF AWFUL, TERRIBLE WILD ANIMAL OUT THERE! I'M SCARED, INV!

DON'T BE SCARED, SURE! I GOT MY FLASHLIGHT WITH THOSE DEPENDABLE "**NEVER-EASY**" BATTERIES IN MY TACKLE BOX!



NEW IMPROVED
"NEVER-EASY"
The Battery with "8 1/2 LIVES"

GUARANTEED: YOUR FLASHLIGHT AND BATTERIES REPLACED FREE IF DAMAGED WHEN YOU ARE ATTACKED AND KILLED BY WILD ANIMALS WHILE CAMPING OUT!

THAT'S A FREAK-LIKE STORY, INV. SAVED YOUR LIVES FROM THAT SNARLING AND SNARLING WILD ANIMAL THAT CAME UPON YOUR CAMP, INV?

HAH! IT WAS JUST A COUPLE OF KIDS ON A DATE JIMMORRIN' IN THE BUSHES!



DON'T WORRY WHEN YOU GO CAMPING. NEED "**NEVER-EASY**" BATTERIES? WE'VE GOT 'EM HERE!



OCT. 11983—THE LAST GAME OF THE SEASON. SLATS-VILLE MUST BEAT BADERS TODAY TO WIN THE PENNANT. SLATSVILLE LEADS BY ONE, BUBBLING UP IN LAST OF THE 9TH, BATTER LOADED...TWO OUT...HORACE MORRIS PITCHING...

"BALL THREE! THAT'S THREE AND TWO!"

"IF MORRIS WALKS 'EM, THE SCORE IS TIED!"

"I'D HONOR HIM OUT!"



THE CATCHER WALKS OUT TO MORRIS...

"JUST ONE MORE CHANGE! 'TAST, 'DICE! PUT IT OVER! STRIKE 'EM OUT!"

"I'M TENSE!"



"HERE! EASE THE TENSION WITH BELCH-NOT GUM!"

"THANKS! ARE A WHOLE STORY!"



MORRIS WINDS UP... THE PITCH... AND...

"STRIKE THREE! SLATS-VILLE WINS!"

SWISH



MORRIS IS CARRIED OFF THE FIELD BY HIS TRIUMPHANT TEAMMATES.

"YOU DID IT, HORACE! YOU DID IT!"

"IT WAS THAT STICK OF BELCH-NOT GUM!"

"EASED THE TENSION, AND..."



HORACE MORRIS, ACE SLATSVILLE PITCHER, SAYS:

"IT DIDN'T TAKE ME LONG TO FIND OUT THAT BELCH-NOT GUM EASES THE TENSION WHEN THE COUNT IS THREE AND TWO. BELIEVE ME, A PITCHER REALLY NEEDS BELCH-NOT IN THE CLUTCH!"



"WHAT I DID WAS GETTER A HAD OF BELCH-NOT GUM ON THE BALL! PUT MORE STUFF ON THAT LAST PITCH THAN MY BEST KNUCKLEBURN..."



USE A WELL-CHewed WAR AND Ease the tension with **BELCH-NOT GUM**

SALES: HENRIK HENRIK FANCIES PICKING STARS



A JOWELETCH SUPER-DOOPER SPEED RAZOR SAVES THE DAY FOR BRISTLY BENNY



Stomach Upset Strikes at Midnight!



A ROMANTIC HUSBANDMADE PARTY... A SOFT-SPOKEN, DREAMY MYSTERY-MAN... AND BANGA IS LOSING OUT BECAUSE OF A STOMACH UPSET.



SO BANGA TOOK PEPSO-ARYMAL AND...



HOSPITAL TESTED

PEPSO-ARYMAL'S SPECIAL MEDICAL FORMULA INCLUDES LAGOLIN WHICH SOOTHES BOTH THE IRRITATED STOMACH AND INTESTINAL WALLS WITH A GENTLE COATING ACTION... ALSO ENCOURAGES THE GROWTH OF HAIR...

OUT-EMPTY DRAWING OF STOMACH SHOWING HOW PEPSO-ARYMAL, SODAS, HOT-CLAM BEGINNING TO GROW - A TERRIBLE PROPOSITION.



In the recent past, there have been millions of words and thousands of pictures published in various magazines, newspapers, and publicity releases throughout the country lauding the natural talents of a famous and glamorous blonde Hollywood movie star. Pank magazine now presents its own comment on said glamour-lovely, which, we feel, aptly sums up the secret of her fabulous success:

MARYLIN	THIS
MONROE	LIKE
IS	IT
A	AT
GIRL	LOOKING
FORTUNATELY	BY
ENDOWED	ADMIRE
WITH	MEN
THE	FIGURE
KIND A	
OF	

MAGAZINES FOR THE MECHANICAL-MINDED DEPT. (295 PAGES OF ADS AND 5 PAGES OF SCIENCE NEWS DIVISION): HAVE YOU SEEN THE BLEW OF BAPBET-AND-INVENTION-TYPE MARS ON THE NEWSSTANDS THESE DAYS, SPANNED-FULL OF ADS FOR USELESS SURPLUS MERCHANDISE AND WHO-NEEDS-THOSE-NEW-INVENTIONS? THE COVER IS USUALLY A GOME-ON PROMISING YOU A FULLER LIFE WITH THAT EASY-TO-MAKE OOO-GAD YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED. PARIS MAGAZINE TAKES PLEASURE IN PRESENTING ITS OWN VERSION OF ONE OF THESE DO-IT-YOURSELF, IMPROVE-YOUR-LOT PUBLICATIONS. GORS IS CALLED...

POPULAR MECPANICS MAGAZINE

BUILD
IRVING
FRIDDLE'S
ROCKET
SHIP
FROM SPARE
PLUMBING
AND
HEATING
PARTS!

PAGE 211

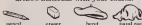
AFTER YOU'VE CONVINCED YOURSELF THAT YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BUILD IRVING FREEDLE'S ROCKET SHIP OUT OF SPARE PLUMBING PARTS, YOU BUY THE BULKY BOOK, YOU OPEN IT UP, AND FIRST HAVE TO PLOW THROUGH 40 OR 50 PAGES OF ADS LIKE THESE:

BE AN ARTIST MAKE BIG MONEY



Melvin Sturdley made a \$10.00 dollar bill after just one lesson!

You get to keep these slightly used artist's materials with your course.



pencil

eraser

brush

paint rag

ENROLL NOW!

START YOUR CAREER IN ART TODAY!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF ART
Dept. P-41, Hockyuhville, Wisc.



**ILLUSTRATED
COMIC BOOKLETS**

The kind men like!
Wash Pocket Size

VAA-VOOM SALES CO.
Hockyuhville, Wisc.

EARN MONEY IN YOUR SPARE TIME

Send for Handy Dandy Business Kit



\$10.00

Postpaid

Kit includes gun, ammunition, and list of promising banks, payroll offices, etc.

STURDLEY STICK-UP CAREERS
Dept. P-42, Hockyuhville, Wisc.

I GOT A START IN RADIO!



says
Melvin
Sturdley
successful
radio
repairman

LEARN RADIO REPAIRING AT HOME!

You get to keep these useless junked radio parts with your worthless course.



SEND FOR SAMPLE LESSON TODAY!

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF RADIO
Dept. P-43, Hockyuhville, Wisc.

INVENTORS

PROTECT YOUR INVENTION

Why let just anybody steal it when you can let me do it?

MELVIN STURDLEY—PATENT ATTORNEY
Dept. P-44, Hockyuhville, Wisc.

BARBELLS



Learn to pick them up. Feel like a new man. Where there's a bar, there's a bell. Learn the correct method. Send for free little black book of names, addresses, and phone numbers.

STURDLEY SCHOOL OF PHYSICAL CULTURE
Dept. P-45, Hockyuhville, Wisc.

RUPTURED?

SEE, THAT'S TIGHT!

Don't lift no heavy weights like picking up barbells, Crinances.

SOMEWHERE AFTER THE SEVENTEETH PAGE OF ADs LIKE THE PRECEDING, IF YOU LOOK REAL HARD, YOU MAY FIND THE **LETTERS TO THE EDITORS** COLUMN, OF COURSE, THERE IS **ALWAYS** AND ALONGSIDE IT, **AFTER ALL**, WHY WASTE SPACE ON STUFF READERS MIGHT BE INTERESTED IN, WHEN THEY CAN **SELL** SPACE AND **INCREASE** THEIR REVENUE?...

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

Dear Sirs,

On page 266 of your recent issue, you suggested the use of asbestos shingling to protect wood from the flame of an oxy-acetylene torch. Do you know that such a shingle explodes violently under extreme heat like with a flame from an oxy-acetylene torch. I think you ought to warn your readers. I'm forwarding my hospital bill to you. After all,

Lacerated and Third Degree Burned Reader

The shingle you used was probably not an asbestos shingle but an asbestos-cement shingle. There's a difference. Am returning bill. Get well soon and read more carefully from now on.—*eds.*

Dear Popular Mechanics Editor,

In the last issue, you said that a good solvent for plastic castings is a mixture of acetone and kentucky bourbon. I want to thank you for starting me on the road to success in my own business. I have sold my plastic casting business and gone into the Bar and Grill business. The gang is wild about my new drink, acetone and kentucky bourbon. I add a maraschino cherry for color.

Grateful Al

Maraschino cherry juice is a sodium ascorbate compound and when mixed with acetone, a Antrophanol byproduct, and kentucky bourbon, containing alcohol, you are creating a high explosive known as **MAK**. Any slight jar will blow your customers to bits. Good luck in your new venture.—*eds.*

Dear Editors,

I would like to tell you what I think of your last issue. For my part, you could take the whole thing and shove

(Continued on page 277)

AND NOW, FINALLY, ON PAGE 220 OR 221, COMES THE BODY OF THE MAGAZINE... A FEW LOVELY PAGES OF NEW INVENTIONS AND RECENT DEVELOPMENTS IN THE WORLD OF SCIENCE... HERE ARE TWO PAGES. THEY USUALLY HAVE FIVE, MAYBE...

Tulsa Dentist Discovers New Method of Extracting Teeth

A new chemical, destined to revolutionize the Dental Industry and Tooth Extraction methods, was demonstrated last month by Melvin Sturdley, its inventor. Used in minute quantities, injected into the gum below the infected tooth, this newly developed chemical explosive, much like a mild T. N. T., blows out chopper when patient's head is jarred, like with a baseball bat. The inventor is shown here with his patient after a first attempt with his new method. (The patient, Irving Friddle, is expected to recover.)



Refrigerator with Two-Way Door Saves Many Steps

A revolutionary two-way hinge and handle arrangement on a new model refrigerator, developed by a big manufacturer, enables the door to swing open either way, thereby saving many steps for the poor over-worked housewife. The amazing appliance was demonstrated recently as two people stood on either side of it, opening the door, first to the right, then to the left. This picture shows them as they both pressed the handle at the same time. The door fell off. (The photographer, Irving Friddle, is expected to recover.)

Miniature Jet Engine Attaches to Bicycle

Bicycling enthusiasts will be pleased to learn that a new invention, designed by Irving Friddle, of Boston, Mass., will take the strain out of peddling. A small jet engine, bolted to the rear fender, powered by kerosene and liquid oxygen, will deliver enough thrust to drive a bike up to 287 miles per hour without peddling. When testing his invention, Mr. Friddle spread his arms in a "no-hands" pose. This picture shows him as he buzzed St. Louis. He and his bike were found outside of Denver, Colo. (Irving is expected to recover.)



16 Barrelled Carburetor Will Enable Hot-Rods to Crack Sound Barrier

Able to be built for a reasonable \$2593, a new 16 barrelled carburetor, using air injection and T. C. P. additive, will enable any hot-rod enthusiast to drive his heap through the sonic barrier. Irving Friddle, the inventor of this amazing gadget, which is destined to revolutionize the automotive industry, is shown in this picture just after his stripped down Chevy reached the phenomenal speed of 772 M. P. H. when the whole mess exploded. (Irving is expected to recover.)



Electrified Hand-Saw Slices Through Trees in 3 Seconds

A newly developed electrified saw, designed to simplify the tedious job of clearing wooded lands, was demonstrated recently. The insulated hand-saw blade, wired to a 7000 Volt generator, easily burned through a 26 inch tree in three seconds. This picture shows the inventor, Irving Friddle, just after the tree was felled. There wasn't time to get out of the way. (Irving is expected to recover.)

Airplane Engine with Propeller Pushes Flatbottom Swamp Boat

A surplus airplane engine, mounted on the stern of a flatbottom boat, easily pushes the odd-looking craft over Florida swamp waters previously considered unnavigable because of the thick growth of sub-surface marine plants that entangled and hopelessly choked ordinary outboard motor propelled boats. A successful demonstration of this invention ended chaotically, however, when the engine couldn't be stopped. The craft is shown here, after it skidded out of the swamp and continued overland, finally crashing into a silo on a farm forty-two miles from the nearest water. (The inventor, Irving Friddle, is not expected to recover.)



THEN, AFTER THAT BRIEF EDITORIAL SECTION, *MORE* ADD... *NO* OR *ADD* PAGES TO *WIND UP* THE MAIL. "WHAT HAPPENED TO 'HOW TO BUILD IRVING FIDDLE'S SECRET SHIP' ARTICLE? YOU ASK? IT WAS *PULLED*... FOR THIS PAGE."

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